

The Historie of

*As they are sharing, the Prince & Poynes
set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-
staffe after a blow or two runs away too, lea-
ving the booty behind them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer, away
good *Ned, Falstaffe* sweare to death, and lards the leane earth
as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him:

Poynes. How the rogue roard *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shoves in this, he loues his own
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle dan-
ger, we plucke this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named
uncertaine, the time it selfe vnforted, and your whole plot too light, for
the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you again, you are a shal-
low cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by
the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friends
true & constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiō
an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty spirited
rogue is this? why my *L. of Yorke* cōmends the plot, & the ge-
neral course of the action, Zounds & I were now by this rascal
I could braine him with his *Ladies Fanne*. Is there not my fa-
ther my vnckle, & my selfe, *Lord Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord
of *Yorke*, & *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Douglas*?
haue I not all theire letters to meet me in Armes by the ninth
of the next month? and are they not some of the set forward
already? What a pagan rascal is this & Infidell? Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the
King, and lay open all our proccedings. O, I could diuide my
selfe,

Henry the Fourth.

selfe, and go to buffers, for mouing such a dish of skim Milke
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tel the King,
we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight been
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes;
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron Warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ranome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of swear hath stood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,
Such as we see when men restraime their breath,
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriffer?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horse? a roane, a crop care, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

D

Hot.